# To Him That Hath & By LEROY SCOTT (Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, New York, is found dead, and his friend. David Aldrich, is oned to take charge of his personal

#### CHAPTER II.

AVID was sitting in Morton's study, looking through six years' accumulation of letters and documents, saving some, destroying others, when he came upon a dusty snapshot photograph. Hands and eyes were arrested; Morton sank from his mind. Four persons sat in a little sailboat; their faces were ounking sun smiles; about and beyond them was the broad, white blaze of the Sound. The four were Miss Chambers and her mother, Morton and himself.

The day of the photograph ran its course again, hour by hour, in Darid's rind, and slowly rose other pictures of his acquaintance with Helen Chambers of their first meeting, three years be fore, at a dinner at St. Christopher Mission; of later meetings at St. Chris-topher's, where she had a club, and topher's, where she had a club, and where he was a frequent visitor; of the spring passed at St. Christopher's two years before, during the early part of which he, in Morton's stead, had aided her in selecting furnishings for a summer house given by her father for the mission children; of two weeks at the summer which he and Morton's that summer which he and Morton's control of the summer which he are summer who are summer which he are summer whi end of that summer which he and Mor-ton had spent at Mrytle Hill, the Cham-bers' country home on the Sound.

ers country nome on the Sound.

In moments when his courage had been high and his fancy had run riotously free, he had dared to dream wild dreams of her; but now, as he gazed at the photograph, he sighed. In place and fortune she was on the level of the highest; he was far below-still only a struggler; obscure, barely keeping him-

self alive.
Yes—he was still only a struggler. He nodded as his mind repeated the sentence. Now and then his manuscripts were accepted—but only now and then. His English was admirable; this he had been often told. But there was something lacking in almost all he wrote; and this, too, he had often been told. David had tried to write of the big things, the real things—and of such a man cannot write convincingly till he man cannot write convincingly till he has thought deeply or traveled in person through the deep places. David's trouble was that he did not know life-but norance of the real difficulty he had thought to conquer his unsuccess by put-ting forth a greater effort. He had gone out less and less often; he had out less and less often; he had sat longer and longer at his writing table; his English had become finer and finer. And his people had grown more hypothetical, more unreal. The faster he ran, the farther away was the goal. He sighed again. Then his square jaw

He signed again. Then his square jaw tightened, his eyes narrowed to grim crescents, his clenched fist lightly pounded the desk; and to a phalanx of imaginary editors he announced with elow defiance:

"Some of these days you'll all be camping on my doorstep. You just wait!"

wait!"

He was returning to the sifting of the letters when the bell of the apartment rang. He answered the ring himself, rang. He answered the ring himself, as Mrs. Pumphrey was out for the af-ternoon. He opened the door upon a shabby, gray-haired man with a beery. cunning smile. His manner to that he had been there before. 'Is Mr. Morton at home" the caller

"No." David answered shortly, no caring to vouchsafe the information that Morton was two days buried. "But I represent him." "Then I guess I'll walt."

"He'll not be back. The man hesitated, than a dirty hand drew an envelope from a torn pocket.
"I was to give it only to him, but I guess it'll be all right to leave it with

Dayld closed the door, ripped open the envelope, glanced at the note, turned abruptly, and re-entered Morton's study, and read the lines again. You paid no attention to the warning I sent you last Friday. This is the last time I shall write, If I don't get the money today, the letters will be given out.

He was clutched with a vague fear.

He was clutched with a vague fear. Who was "L. D.?" And how could money be thus demanded of Morton." His mind was racing away into wild guesses, when he observed there was no street or number on the note. In the same instant street or number on the note. In the same instant it flashed upon him that the strange message must be investi-gated, and that the address of its write-was walking away in the person of the

old messanger. He caught his hat, rushed down the He caught his bat, rushed down the stairs, and came upon the old man just outside the clubhouse entrance.
"I want to see the writer of that note," he said. "Give me the address."
"Do betern that. I'll go with you. I'm the janitor there."
David was too agitated to refuse the process. They walked in silence for seven

offer. They walked in silence for several paces; then the old man said, jerking his head toward the clubhous and winking knowingly:
"Lucky they don't know where you're
goin'. But I'm safe. Safe as a ciam'."
He reassured David with his beery

smile; but the vague dread increased.
"What do you mean"
"Innocent front! Oh, you're a wise

one, I see, But you can trust me, I'm David was silent for several paces.
"Who is this man 'L. D.'?"
"This man!" he cackled. "This man!
th. you'll do!"

Oh, you'll do! David looked away in disgust; the old satyr made him think of the garbage of dissipation. During their fifteen-minute ride on a street car, his indfinite fear changed from one dreadful shape to

changed from one dreadful shape to another. After a short walk the old man led the way into a small apartment house, and up the stairs.

He paused before a door, "Here's your man," he said, nudging David and giving his dry, throaty little laugh.

"Thanks," said David.

But the guide did not leave. "Ain't you got a dime that's making trouble for the rest o' your coin?"

David handed him 10 cents. "Safe as a clam" he whispered, and went down the stairs with a cackle about "the

the stairs with a cackle about

man."

David hesitated awhile, with highbesting heart, then knocked at the door.
It was opened by a colored maid.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"Miss Lilliau Drew."

David stepped inside. "Please tell her
I'd like to see her."

The maid ushered him into the parlor, and went out. The room was showlify furnished with filt, upholstery, vivid
hangings, painted bric-a-brac—all with a
stiff shop newness that suggested recently acquired funds. David had no
more than seated himself upon a surface of blue chrysanthemums and taken more than seated nimset upon a surface of blue chrysanthemums and taken this impression, when the portieres parted and between them appeared a tall, slender woman in a trained housegown of flowered silk, with pearls in her ears and a handful of rings on her fingers. She looked thirty-five and had a hard, fingly wrinkled beauty.

finely wrinkled beauty.
David rose. "Is this Miss Drew?"
"You are from Phil Morton?" she
asked in a voice that had a strain of

cearseness.

He shivered at the familiarity with
Morton. "I am." Morton. 'I am.'
She crossed to a chair, and, as she seated herself, spread her train fan-wise to its full display. "Why didn't he come himself?" she demanded, her come himself?" she demanded, her quick, brilliant eyes directly upon Da-

vid.

It was as her note indicated—she didn't read the papers. Obeying an unformed policy, Dayid refrained from acquainting her with the truth. "He's not at home. I've come because his affairs are left with me."

Her eyes gleamed. "So he's run away from home!" she said with a sneer in which there was disappointment. "That won't save him." She paused an instant. "Well. what're you here for?"

"I told you I represent him."

"I told you I represent him."

"You're his lawyer?"
"I'm his friend."
"Well, I'm listening. Go on."

Well, I'm listening. Go on.

The fear had taken on an almost definite shape. David shrank from what he was beginning to see; but it was his duty to settle the affair, and settle it ne could not without knowing its detalls. 'To begin with, I shall have to ask some information from you," he said with an effort. "Mr. Morton left said with an effort. "Mr. Morton left this matter entirely in my hands, but he told me nothing concerning its na-

She closed her eyes to gleaming slits, and regarded David intently. "You brought the money?" she asked abrupt-

"Then he's"—she made a grim cipher with her forefinger, and stood up. "If there's no money, good afternoon." David did not rise. He guessed her dismissal to be a bit of play-acting. "Whatever comes to you must come through me," he said, "and you of course realize that nothing can come from me till I understand the situation."

"He understands it. That's enough."
"Oh, very well, then, I see you want nothing." David determined to try playacting himself. He stood up. "Let it be good afternoon."

She stopped him at the portieres, as he had expected. "It's mighty queer, when Mortan's heen trying hard to keep.

when Morton's been trying hard to keep this thing between him and me for him to send a third person here. "It may be queer-but it's true," he turned with a show of indifference.

"But how do I know that you really present him?" "You must take my word for it. Or you can telephone St. Christopher's and ask if David Aldrich is not in charge of

ask if David Aldrich is not in the his affairs."

She eyed him steadily for a space. "You look on the square," she said abruptly; then she added with an ominatory. "It there's no money, you ous look: "if there's no money, you know what will happen!" David shrugged his shoulders. "I told you I know nothing."

She was silent for several moments, while obstinacy and caution struggled against greed and pride in her con-quests. Her quick, bold eyes looked him noting that he was tall and straight, square of shoulder, good look-ing. These physical points were an ele-ment in the contest; his masculinity piqued her.

piqued her.
Greed and pride won. "Well, If you want to know, come back," she said.
David resumed his seat. She stood thinking a moment, then went to a writing desk. For all his suspense, David was aware that she was trying to display her graces and her gown. She rustled to his chair with the unhinged halves of a gold locket in her hand. "Suppose we begin here." she "Suppose we begin here." said, handing him one-half of the locket.
"Perhaps you'll recognize it—though
that was taken in eighty-five."

David did recognize it. It was Lil-ian Drew at twenty. The selfishness and the hardness of the Lillian Drew thirty-five were there, but covered a fair so ness by the flesh of youth, was a bold, striking, luring face-a ace of strong appeal to man's baser alf—telling of a girl who would make dyances if the man held back. David felt that she waited for praise.

"Nany men have said so," she returned proudly.

She let him gaze at the picture a full minute, keenly w tching his face for the effect. Then she continued: "That is the picture of a girl in Boston, And this a feweled hand gave him the clippings on the floor—"see what kind of a man their saint was!"

Divid stepred suparely before her; his

JOHN.

YOU SWORE OFF

JOHN -

TO THE CLUB!

YOU SWORE OFF

GOING THERE

YOU SWORE OFF

COCKTAILS

SMOKING !

within him when he looked upon the

boyish face of Morton at twenty-two. It was the snap of suspense. His fear was now a certainty.

"She probably wouldn't have suited you"—the tone declared she would—"but Phil Morton certainly had it bad for four or five months!"

David forced himself to his duty—to David forced himself to his duty-to

search his relationship to its limits.
"And then—he broke it off?" he asked,
with a sudden desire to make her smart.
The question stung her pride. "No The question stung her pride. "No man ever threw me down-not in those days," she returned harshly, her dry cheeks flushing. "I got tired of him; a woman soon gets tired of a mere boy like that. And he was repenting about a third of his time, and preaching to me about reforming myself. To live with a man like that-it's not living. I dronged him.

dropped him.

"But all this was fifteen years ago,"
David said, calm by an effort. "What has that to do with your note?" She sank into a chair before him, and ran the tip of her tongue between her thin lips. She leaned back luxuriously,

thin lips. She leaned back luxuriously, clasped her hands behind her head, and regarded him amusedly through half-closed eyes. "A woman comes to New York about four months ago. She is well, she could use money. After a month she learns a man is in town she had once-temporarily married. She hasn't heard anything about him for iffteen years. He is a minister, and has a reputation. She has some letters he wrote while they were—such good friends. She guesses he would just as

soon the letters should not be made public. I have a talk with him; I find I guessed right. Now you understand?" David leaned forward, his tace pale. You mean he had been paying you-to keep still?" She laughed softly. She was enjoying this display of her power. "He has paid me the trifling sum of \$5,000 in the last three months." David stared at her. "And he's going to pay me a lot more, or the letters!"

or-the letters! His head sank before her bright, tri-umphant eyes, and he was silent. He was a confusion of thoughts and emotions, amid which only one was distinct to protect Morton if he could. He tried to push all else from his mind

and think of this alone. minute or more passed. Then he ed up. His face was still pale, but set and hard. "You are mistaken in at least one point," he said.
"And that?"
"About the money you're going to get Thore'll he no.

There'll be no more."
hy not?" she asked with amused uperiority.

Because the letters are valueless. He watched her sharply to see the effect of his next words. "Phillip Morton was burled two days ago." Her hands fell from her head and she stood up, suddenly white. "It's a lie!" "He was buried two days ago," David

Her color came back, and she sneered It's a lie. You're trying to trick me!"
David rose, drew out a handful of clippings he had cut from the news-papers, and silently held them toward rs, and silently held them toward She glanced at a headline, and her face went pale again. She snatched the clippings, read one half through, then flung them all from her, and ed, to hide from him the show of her loss. abruptly turned about-as David guess-

DARLING.

TO GARGLE MY THROAT \_ I HAVE

A LITTLE TICKLING

I AM JUST

THE BOYS

GOING TO THE

1 SWORE OFF

GOING TO THE

CLUB - SEE ?

Such Is Life.

By Maurice Ketten.

THE CIGAR MAN TOLD ME IT IS VERY BAD TO STOP SUDDENLY-IT MIGHT AFFECT

HIS CASH REGISTER

She did not give back a step. "Oh, I am, am I!" she sneered. At this range he caught wine upon her breath.
"You certainly are! You're guilty of the crime of blackmail. You've confessed it to me, and I have your letter demanding money—there's proof enough. The punishment is a good many years in prison. Give me those letters, or I'll have a policeman here in five minutes." She was shaken, but she forced another sneer. "To take me to court is the quickest way to make the letters public," she returned. "You're bluff-

public," sne returned, ing."

He was—but he knew his bluff was a strong one. "If you refuse me the letters," he went on, grimly, "you give me a choice between two methods of their becoming public. Either you unharmed, may give them out, or they may come out in the course of a trial that will send you to prison. I choose that will send you to prison. I choose that will send you to prison. that will send you to prison. I choose the latter. Morton is dead; the letters can't hurt him now. And I'd like to see you suffer. The letters, or prison—take your choice!"

She slowly drew back from him, and her look of defiance gave place to fear. She stared without speaking at his face, fierce with determination-roused, dominating masculinity. 'Which is it to be?" She did not move.

"You choose prison, then. Very well, I'll be back in five minutes." He turned abruptly and started to leave the room.
"Wait!" He looked back and saw a
thoroughly frightened face. "I'll get them.

ed portieres, and in a few minutes re-turned with a package of yellow letters, which she laid in David's hand. "These are all?" he demanded. "Yes." There was an unnatural note in her

voice that might have prompted a more experienced investigator to pursue his question further; but David was satisned, and did not mark a cunning look as he passed on.
"Here's another matter," he said,

threateningly. "If ever a breath of this comes out, I'll know it comes from you, and up you'll go for blackmail. Understand? Now that danger was over, her bold-

ness began to flow back into her. do," she said lightly. He left her standing amid her crumpled, forgotten train, and started out As he was passing into the hall, she called to him: He turned about. "Hold on!"

looked at him with fear, effrontery and admiration of his masculinity. "You're all right!" she cried. "You're a real

(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

## Treasury Receives Sugar Trust Offer

District Attorney Wise has forwarded to the Treasury Department from New York the compromise offer of the American Sugar Refining Company-that is, the Sugar trust-in the drawback cases. The company agrees, if the Government will abandon the prosecution, not to contest for any percentage of the drawbacks, and to make restitution of this — a jeweled hand gave him the locket's other half—"is a young man in Harvard."

David stepped squarely before her; his tall form towered above her, his dark pocket, yet something snapped sharply of the kind," he said, harshly.

The said was:

St00,000 which has been overpaid through tall form Brush automobile. 1739 a process of overvaluing the exports on which it claimed drawback money from the control of the kind," he said, harshly.

YOU SWORE OFF

EATING CANDY!

WIFEY-

TEA

YOU SWORE OFF

ONE - TWO - THREE

## **冠** Lloyd-George Has Plan

LONDON, Jan. 4.-The features Chancellor Lloyd-George's scheme state insurance against sickness known by the people of England. Unofficial outlines of his plan were printed here today.

Compulsory insurance among whole working population, where the income tax levy is less than £150 a year is the plan. The minimum amount of insurance will be 5 shillings a week. Half the cost will be met by the insured, and the other half will be divided equally between the employer and the

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LOST-In N. W. section of city, an envelope addressed to Miss A. CALLAN, 908 H st. N. W., and containing a sum of money. Finder please return to 1218 O st. N. W. Re-

LOST-Sable fur neckpiece, between corner of 22d and R sts. and 2119 S st. Liberal re-ward for return to 2119 S st. N. W. LOST-Stickpin, amethyst, set with small pearl and diamond. Reward if returned to 207 Evans Hidg.

LOST-Brown leather handbag containing sum of money and papers. Reward if re-turned to 1744 8 st. N. W. LOST-On Saturday, December 31, 1910, be-tween 7th and D sts. N. W. and 2d and F sts. N. W., prayer book wrapped with paper and rubber band. Return to 125 F st. N. W. and receive reward.

THE CANDY MAN

TOLD ME MY SYSTEM REQUIRE SUGAR TO MAKE MY DISPOSITION

DUMBWAITE

SWEET

DARLING THE GROCER TOLD ME IT IS VERY BAD

TO STOP SUDDENLY-

I MIGHT DROP DEAD

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